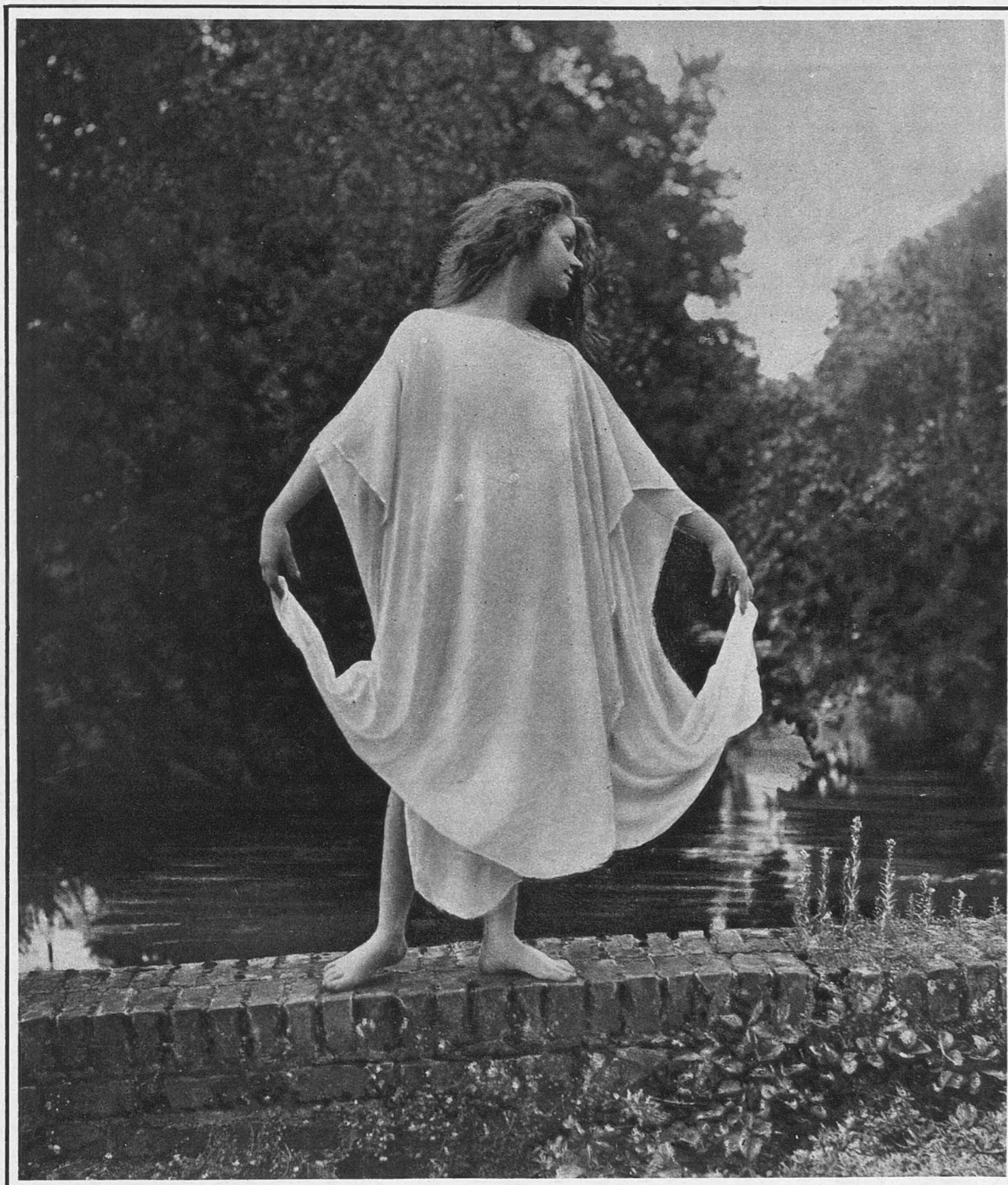


The Sketch

No. 1340.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



AN ACTRESS WHO DREAMS OF WINNING THE DERBY: MISS BILLIE CARLETON, HEROINE AT THE HAYMARKET.

Miss Billie Carleton is taking the part of Phyllis Harcourt, the heroine of "The Freedom of the Seas," at the Haymarket, and in that capacity has much experience of the ways of U-boats. Every night the good ship carrying her and her lawyer-father is torpedoed, and every night

they are picked up by her lover, a Naval officer, formerly her father's clerk. In real life Miss Carleton is credited with an ambition to win the Derby with her own horse, like Lady James Douglas, and even to go one better, and ride the winner herself. She is a daring horsewoman.

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Remarkable Incident in Berlin.

A curious story was told a little while ago at a Berlin police-court of a prisoner, described as "Wilhelm Schmidt, forty," charged with failing to register as an alien.

A policeman, on his annual leave, was walking down one of the main streets on the outskirts of Berlin when he noticed that clay and grass adhered to the macintosh of a man in front of him. Thinking he might be an escaped English prisoner, he taxed him with "looking like a Britisher."

The man replied that he was a war-worker from Krupp's, produced a bank-book in the name of Wilhelm Schmidt, and said his foreign appearance was probably due to the fact that his father's father was a Norwegian. This satisfied the policeman for a moment; but he ran after him again to ask how, if his father was Norwegian, he came by the name of Schmidt.

"Well," said the other, "I suppose you mean business. I am English, born near London in 1870, but came to Germany as a child." He admitted not being registered, and said he came from German East Africa four years ago, and had since been to Bulgaria. The Krupp's address was fictitious, but he "had friends," could get food coupons, and was not without money.

"But I must consider before telling you more," he added (according to the policeman); "there are others to study. I am English in sentiment, if not actually hostile."

Detective-sergeant Brandt said that, beyond saying he was born near London, prisoner refused to give any account of himself.

Prisoner: "I said I had never been disloyal, but was English in sentiment to a certain extent."

Remanded for inquiries.

The Explanation.

A curious story, is it not, to hail from highly organised Germany? Would you have believed that an Englishman, English in sentiment, could go to and fro for four years without being registered? Would you believe that he could get employed at Krupp's? Would you believe that he could take a little trip as far as Bulgaria to see how things were going with the people there? Would you believe that he would dare to stand up in a police-court and assure the magistrate that he was English in sentiment? Would you believe that German people would look after him and get coupons for him? And would you believe—the prettiest touch of all—that his arrest would be at last accomplished by a constable "on holiday"?

No, you would not. You could not. Such a story, if you believed it, would falsify all your conceptions of a Germany at war. I may as well confess, therefore, that the story does *not* come from Germany. It comes from England. Put all the names the other way about, read "London" for "Berlin," "Australia" for "German East Africa," and so on, and there you will have the paragraph as I read it in my paper.

This is not a hoax. I thought it would be instructive to look at the incident from the opposite point of view.

An Easy One.

The *Observer* calls attention to the "lumbering and sesquipedalian English language"—but for its Saxon basis. As an example of English as it should not be written, the journal quotes a sentence from the cable from Russia to the Inter-Allied Conference—

"Intervention Western proletariat would substantially facilitate overcoming Russian crisis, but correct orientation concerning relations in Russia indispensable."

"It would be an interesting exercise," continues the commentator, "to put that sentiment into words of one, or at the most two, syllables."

An interesting exercise, yes. But would it be wise? A very large section of the reading public infinitely prefer cumbersome to simple English. They take a passionate delight in the style polysyllabic. They feel that they are not getting their money's-worth

if a writer uses only words with which they are familiar. In order to illustrate the ugliness of the octosyllabicism, I once took the trouble to write a dialogue all in words of eight syllables or thereabouts. On the day it was published a fellow-writer came up to me and shook me warmly by the hand. "My dear chap," he said, "congratulations! I had no idea you possessed such a vocabulary."

However, the exercise set by the *Observer* waits. So how will this do?—

"You could help us a lot, but be sure you know the rules of the game."

You may take your choice. Seven "educated" people out of ten would choose the former. And that—in less than 756 pages—is the trouble with our system of education.



IN "THE LILAC DOMINO," AT THE EMPIRE: MISS JOSEPHINE EARLE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Fair Play for Civilians.

Six people sat together in a railway train.

The first was an officer in the Navy; he wore a uniform. The second was an officer in the Army; he wore a uniform. The third was an officer in the Air Force; he wore a uniform. The fourth was a V.A.D. nurse; she wore a uniform. The fifth was an officer in the W.R.N.S.; she wore a uniform. The sixth was a City gentleman; he wore a uniform, but it was the uniform of peace instead of war.

He was not comfortable. He had an idea—quite wrong—that the five people in uniform were despising him for his black coat and striped trousers. He was annoyed—annoyed to the point of protest.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I wish to explain my position. I am between forty and fifty years of age. I am, however, the head of an important business in the City, and the authorities decided, when I was called up, that I should be of greater service to the community if I continued to conduct my business than in the Army. Is it fair, therefore, that I should have no distinctive badge?"

"I certainly think," replied one of the party addressed, "that you should have a badge. And it might bear the letters 'U.P.'"
He got out at the next station, leaving the rest guessing.

OLD DRURY PAGEANTRY: MUSES, AND LADIES.



1. MUSES: (L. TO R.) URANIA (MISS JOYCE CAREY), CALLIOPE (MISS VIOLA TREE), AND TERPSICHORE (MISS HOFFE).
 3. TWO MORE OF THE SACRED NINE: (L. TO R.) ERATO (MISS JESSIE WINTER) AND THALIA (MISS FAY COMPTON).

2. IN "THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT": CELIA (MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY) AND MR. COWLEY WRIGHT.
 4. IN "THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT": LADIES—MISS DORA BARTON (LEFT) AND MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.

"The Pageant of Drury Lane" was arranged for production, as a matinée, last Friday, to commemorate Mr. Arthur Collins's twenty-one years of management, the proceeds going to theatrical charities. In an opening prelude, "In the Clouds" Apollo (Mr. Henry Ainley) invokes the Muses to preside over the subsequent scenes. The following were

cast for the Muses:—Mrs. Saba Raleigh (Mnemosyne), Miss Viola Tree (Calliope), Miss Margaret Halstan (Clio), Miss Margaret Bannerman (Euterpe), Miss Lily Brayton (Melpomene), Miss Barbara Hoffe (Terpsichore), Miss Jessie Winter (Erato), Miss Lilian Braithwaite (Polyhymnia), Miss Joyce Carey (Urania), and Miss Fay Compton (Thalia).



A Match-Box Story.

a workman in blouse and corduroys who asked him for a match. My friend handed the workman his match-box—a gold one, with his initials in diamonds on it. The man lit his dirty clay pipe, then glanced at the box. "I won't give you away," he said, "but you will get into trouble if you are found out. These matches are contraband." A little later in the day my friend related the incident to M. Clemenceau. "And, good gracious," he exclaimed suddenly, feeling in his pockets, "that beggar never gave me back my match-box—and it was a present from the Tsar!"



THE NEW DEPUTY-MASTER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD: THE HON. HENRY JULIAN STONOR, C.V.O.

Photograph by Bassano.

Anne Topham, who once had the temerity to inform the Kaiser that some of her colleagues were going to Germany to help on the women's movement there. Here he shouted: "There is no movement here, and, if you begin burning houses and horsewhipping people in Germany, what do you think the police will do? They won't send you flowers and newspapers, and let you go free two days afterwards. We deal with people differently here, I can tell you."

"Strange to say, the German system has broken down," writes a clergyman. Why "strange"? Any race-course punter could have "tic-tacked" news to the reverend gentleman that no system is infallible.

A Premonition.

A girl friend of mine, who has been anxious for some time past to return to South Africa, told me that she had intended to sail by the *Galway Castle*. At the last moment she cancelled the sailing, and insists that she was saved from death by drowning through the intervention of some mysterious premonition. It may be so, or it may not, but I remember Norman Craig, M.P., K.C., told me that he was booked to travel on the *Titanic*. His name was actually given in the first list as one of the victims, but at the very last moment something held him back. He could not explain to me what it

A diplomatic friend of mine has come back from France with a grievance. He was over there a few weeks ago, and was stopped by

was. "I can't tell you why," he said. "There was simply no real reason for it. I had no mysterious premonition or visions of any kind. Nor did I dream of any disaster. But I do know that at practically the last moment I did not want to go."



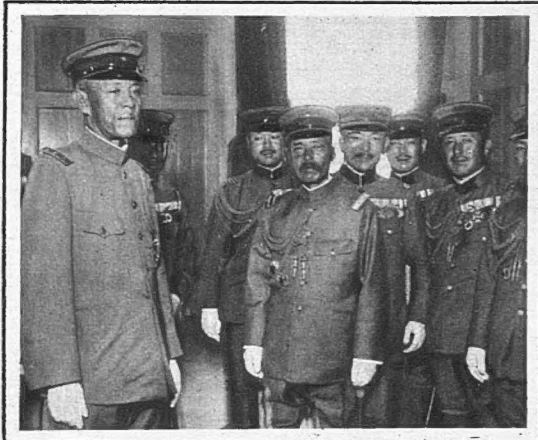
SIGNS OF A GENERAL ELECTION! "An antique-dealer's shop in Herts had eggs in the window for sale."—*Daily Paper*.

Good-Humour.

She was very anxious at first to know how the Belgian poet did his work. I told her that his methods were characteristic. "If I waited for inspiration," he told me once, "I should do nothing. So I sit down with pen and paper for three hours every day. If the ideas come, I write them down; if not, I smoke my pipe." His *savoir faire* is proverbial. Once, when a waiter spilled a plate of clear soup down his back, he simply remarked, "It was thick soup I asked for!"

A Royal Passenger.

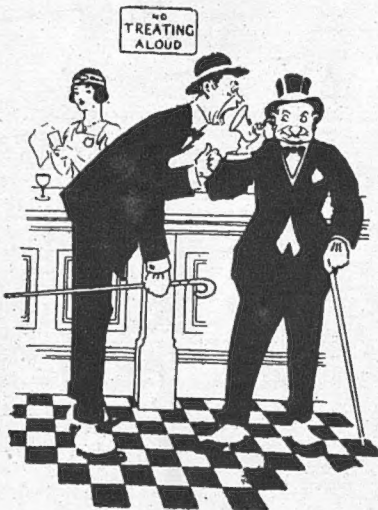
A friend of Joy's has been crowing over her because she claims to have ridden in a motor-omnibus with King Manuel. She says the King behaved like any ordinary male passenger in an omnibus, and smiled at the conductress, who was of the brunette type, and possibly reminded him of the Portuguese beauties. I told Joy, for her comfort, that King Manuel was not the only monarch who had ridden in motor-'buses and tram-cars. The late King of Roumania was very fond of riding in trams. Once the conductor of a tramway-car was very embarrassed when he recognised the King as his passenger. He did not know whether he should ask for the fare or not. You see, there is nothing in the books of etiquette about this sort of thing. They tell you how to address royalty, but say nothing about royalty paying its fare in tramcars. On this occasion King Charles paid his fare, and gave the conductor half-a-sovereign. There was at least one loyal heart in the old town that night, and the incident affords one more proof that politeness pays.



JAPAN'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN SIBERIA: GENERAL OTANI (LEFT) WITH HIS CHIEF OF STAFF, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL YUHI (CENTRE) AND STAFF.—[Photograph by C.N.]



TO APPEAR IN THE LADY MARGARET SCHOOLS MATINEE AT THE ADELPHI ON OCTOBER 29: LADY JOAN CAPELL. Lady Joan, a half-sister of the Earl of Essex, is much in demand at War charity matinees, and does canteen work at the Washington Inn. Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



WHISPER TO ME. "No treating aloud" is the notice in a West End public-house.—*Daily Paper*.



THE RAISON D'ETRE OF THE DRURY LANE PAGEANT: MR. ARTHUR COLLINS, IN HONOUR OF WHOSE 21 YEARS' MANAGEMENT IT WAS HELD. Photograph by Faulstich and Banfield, Ltd.



The Batman: "D'you recollect what time the Captain wanted his shaving-water? Was it 1234 or ABCD?"

"An Army Order announces that the Continental system of time—the 24-hour clock—will be brought into use throughout the British Army. The 'time of origin' of a message will be represented by four figures, the first two, 01 to 23, representing the hours from midnight to midnight, and the second two, 01 to 59, the minutes of the hour."—*Daily Paper*.

An Honest Criticism.

Carmen Sylva, King Charles's Queen, once went to a French singing-master and asked him about her voice—a voice, of course, that in the Palace had been proclaimed an equal to Patti's by complacent courtiers. The French master, however, did not know that he had the Queen in his room, so, after testing the voice, he said calmly,

"Madam, you have musical feeling, but no voice. You might make a success in operetta; but, to be frank, your face isn't worth anything." Then the Queen laughed, told him he was an honest man, and disclosed her identity.

The Princess Passes.

I was rushed through London the other morning in an Army transport motor-car. After the first few minutes I ceased to marvel at the fact that we did not leave a long and continuous trail of killed and wounded behind us. At length we flashed—I believe "flashed" is the proper word—into Hanover Square, and grazed the nose of a horse that was trotting in front of the daintiest, old-fashioned little brougham that I have seen for years. The



"GEE! GENERAL, THAT WAS SOME VICTORY."

"Mr. Sam Gompers has arrived in Paris. . . . On Thursday he goes to the American front."—*Reuter*.

horse in question, seemingly unused to such close shaves, showed a desire to fall back on the Hindenburg Line, and the occupant of the dainty little brougham put out her head. The lady in the carriage was as dainty as the carriage. She was dressed all in grey, and, instead of being angry with us, was all smiles. It was Princess Mary on her way to resume her hospital work. I heard afterwards from somebody at the hospital that the babies there behaved in the most loyal manner, and cooed their delight at the return of the Princess.

To See the Show Run.

I met Sir Francis Lloyd in Chelsea during the week, and he told me an excellent story of the Y.M.C.A. Huts. One night a crowd of ragged youngsters stealthily approached the door of one of the Association huts in London, and were peering in at the happy Tommies, when they were told to go away, as the place was for soldiers, not for boys and girls. They seemed distressed until one of the boys stepped forward and said, "All right, Sir; but we paid for the Show, and want to see how it's run." They were children at a local school who had contributed a farthing each. They were shown "the show" running.



LOOK OUT FOR SQUAWS!

"Fashions are to be of the 'wild and woolly' order in the coming season. Not only are dresses to be made up of long-haired materials from Paris to imitate furs, but hats, gloves, and other accessories are cut to represent primitive styles. Hats are designed with brims created to look unfinished and Buffalo Bill shapes."—*Daily Paper*.

She married Sir George Chetwynd's son and heir. In pre-war days I used to enjoy her cheery little parties in Park Lane; but whatever has happened to her scheme for entering into a West End theatre managementship? I have heard nothing of it for quite a long time.

Don Prosper.

What do you think of the Italian Band? All my lady friends think they were just lovely. They adored their little cocked hats; and, of course, experienced all sorts of heart-thrills over the music. I was one of those deputed to meet Don Prosper Colonna, Prince of Sonnino. He has been Mayor of Rome for ten years, and has exercised a great influence over the cause of the Allies. With true Italian gallantry he informed me that London was magnificent—a remark which I record with all due appreciation,

although it was made about twenty seconds after Don Prosper had alighted from his Pullman car at Victoria.

Old Treasures.

One of the few soulful persons left in a workaday world is Lady Carisbrooke, that tall and gracious personality whom I saw last week presiding over the reading of a mystery play. The big brown plumes in Lady Carisbrooke's beautiful hat nodded continuously, but she was not asleep. In fact, she was very much awake, and told her friends afterwards how highly she appreciated the play, which was written by the authoress of "Eager Heart." When she got married she made a special point of asking her friends to give her family heirlooms instead of costly jewels; and to-day possesses sufficient old lacquer, both black and



BRIDESMAIDS: MISS DOROTHY KATHLEEN HUGHES-ONSLOW (THE BRIDEGROOM'S SISTER) AND MISS KATHLEEN PAGET.

Photograph by C.N.



THE WEDDING OF LIEUT. GEOFFREY HUGHES-ONSLOW, D.S.C., R.N., AND THE HON. EILEEN CROFTON, DAUGHTER OF LORD CROFTON: LEAVING ST. SAVIOUR'S, CHELSEA.

Photograph by L.N.A.

"The Sunny Zoo."

Quite a lot of people turned up at Mrs. Guy Chetwynd's charming house in Park Lane the other afternoon to see a private show of a new play, "The Sunny Zoo," in which Lady Joan Capell and sparkling Miss Athene Seyler were taking part. Mrs. Chetwynd is one of the prettiest and cleverest of amateur actresses.

Women have come so well to the help of the men of the Empire since the outbreak of war that it seems odd that six million women voters want a leader.

THE WORLDLING



THE MAYOR OF ROME IN THE CITY: PRINCE COLONNA NEXT TO THE LORD MAYOR (SIR CHARLES HANSON) AT THE BALTIC EXCHANGE.—(Photograph by L.N.A.)



BUT BOB WAS TAKING NO BLUFF! "Accused went to the window and apologised to the officer for allowing the light to be on, and said he was in a hurry to get to work. . . . It was found that the man was an intruder." (Five years' hard).—*Daily Paper*.



A FAMOUS WOMAN OWNER: LADY JAMES DOUGLAS WITH LA TOSCA, SISTER OF GAINSBOROUGH (WINNER OF THE NEW DERBY).

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

SMALL TALK



ADELA Lady Essex is an American, so she is not as likely to be shocked at her daughter's desire to adopt the stage as a profession as other mammas born, so to speak, in the purple might be. Lady Joan Capell, who has set her heart on carving out a real stage career for herself, makes her first appearance as a "professional" at the Adelphi, at a special matinée in October, in company with Rosa Lynd and Athene Seyler. Younger daughter of the late Lord Essex by his second marriage, to Miss Adela Grant, of New York, Lady Joan has taken a serious course of instruction in dramatic art, and has already established a reputation for herself as an amateur of more than ordinary ability in an age when gifted amateurs are the rule rather than the exception.



TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH: CAPTAIN RICHARD PARKER—MISS IRIS WELLS.

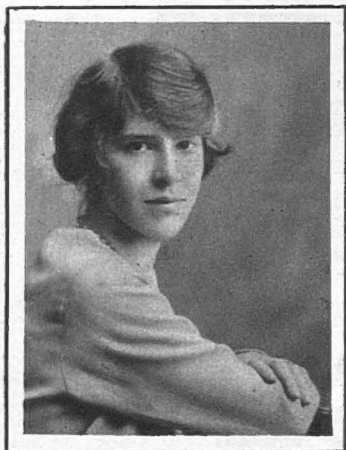
Captain Richard Cecil Oxley Parker, Dragoon Guards, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Parker, of Rochetts, South Weald. Miss Iris de Lautour Wells is the only child of Commodore Lionel de Lautour Wells, C.B., C.M.G., R.N., and Mrs. Lionel Wells, of Houghton Lodge, Hants. The wedding (leave permitting) will take place on Oct. 16, at Houghton, Hants.

Photographs by Lafayette.

and has already established a reputation for herself as an amateur of more than ordinary ability in an age when gifted amateurs are the rule rather than the exception.

Doing Her Bit Too.

While Lady Joan has been using her talents to help bring in money for war charities, her elder sister, Lady Iris Capell, has not been idle. A skilful motorist, the war was not very old before she turned her accomplishment to good account by driving for the National Food Fund. Not many people whose age is very little over twenty years can claim to have worked at the Front (Lady Iris has helped Lady Murray at her hospital at Le Tréport), driven a food-carrying motor, and put in several hours every week at a canteen—a fine record even in these days of hard-working women. Lady Iris did all three; and, what is more, did them well.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN T. NORMAN JAMES: MISS KATHERINE MARY STEWART.

Miss Stewart is the daughter of Mr. Charles Edward Stewart, M.A., and Mrs. Stewart, of 43, Ennismore Gardens, S.W. Captain Thomas Norman James is the son of the late Mr. W. E. Ashton James, and Mrs. Ashton James, of Barrock Park, Cumberland.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

Italian and British civic idea than that represented by Prince Colonna, the Mayor of Rome, and our own excellent Lord Mayor. Prince Colonna, with his soldierly build and martial moustache, might be taken for a Chief of Staff. The Colonnas are a great

race. It is said that they claim descent from Julius Caesar; but, if so, somebody other than Caesar's wife could not have been altogether above suspicion, for Caesar's sole legal heir was his nephew, who became the Emperor Augustus. Whatever the fact as to Julian descent, however, the Colonnas have a family tree long and complicated enough for any race of aristocrats. The present Prince is a modest, handsome man, far from suggesting the Middle Ages. Indeed, he represents perfectly the strenuous, go-ahead, ambitious Italy of to-day.

The "Stwuns" of Stonehenge.

I am glad to see that Stonehenge, or "the stwuns," as the local peasant calls that ancient monument of nobody really knows what, is at last national property, through the generous action of Mr. Chubb, who bought it on the death of the late Sir E. Antrobus. The latter was offered £10,000 for Stonehenge by a body of antiquaries, but declined it. The Government was also given the option of purchasing, but also refused the terms. Thereupon Sir Edmond, who seems to have been what the Thackerayan footman would call a "harbitrary gent," talked about selling the stones to America, only to be threatened dreadful things by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Chubb's feeling references to his early interest and present pride in the place only emphasise the public spirit which has inspired his gift.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JENKINSON: MISS CHRISTINE ("BUBBLES") GILL.

Miss Gill, whose engagement to Lieutenant Jenkinson is announced, is the daughter of Mr. Ernest Gill, of The Manor House, Rochester. Mr. Gill is a well-known barge-owner in Kent.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Mr. Asquith's Host.

Crewe Hall, where Mr. Asquith stayed during his visit to the North, has "dined and slept" many Liberal statesmen. It is Lord Crewe's favourite seat; at one time he had eight more, which under the hammer yielded a six-figure addition to his fortune. The Marquess is following the prevailing fashion of breaking up estates, and has recently got rid of a good deal of his Cheshire land. Crewe Hall is quite modern. The older structure on the site was burned down in 1866; and it is said that Lord Houghton's first use of a table, pencil, and paper was to telegraph to an architect: "Crewe is burning. Come and build it up again." The family title follows the house in being a modern erection on an older site. The old Barony was created in 1806 in favour of an ancestor of the present Marquess, but the male line became extinct by the death of the third Baron in 1894, and the title was revived as an Earldom the

next year, when Lord Crewe, descendant of the first Baron on the female side, succeeded to the estates of his father, the first Lord Houghton, who, as Richard Monckton Milnes, figures piquantly in every society and literary memoir of the mid-Victorian time.



TO MARRY ON OCT. 5: MISS MILDRED E. H. DICKER—LIEUTENANT ERIC B. BIDEN.

Miss Mildred Ethel Hamilton Dicker is the daughter of Mr. Seymour Hamilton Dicker, of Dulwich, and is a Second-Lieutenant in the Women's Volunteer Reserve. Lieutenant Eric Broomfield Biden, Australian Imperial Forces, is a son of Captain F. W. Biden, New South Wales Lancers. Both Miss Dicker and Lieutenant Biden have relatives in the war.

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DAUGHTER OF A DUKE: HER LATEST PORTRAIT.



The Duke of Beaufort's Younger Daughter: Lady Diana Somerset.

Lady Diana Maud Nina Somerset is the younger of the two daughters of Henry Adelbert Wellington Fitzroy Somerset, ninth Duke of Beaufort, and was born in 1898. She is very well known, and equally well liked, in Society, and has an artistic temperament, a charming manner, and very many friends. Her father was formerly a Captain in the Royal Horse

Guards, and bore the Sword Curtana at the Coronation of King George. He married, in 1895, Louise Emily (a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England), daughter of the late Mr. William Henry Harford, J.P., D.L., of Oldown, Tockington and widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyll.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



SOMETIMES the music played by our bands on public occasions is appropriately chosen. I thought it was at a recent open-air investiture, where a gallant naval man, one of the "Hush" V.C.s, walked up to receive his Cross to the strains of "Here Comes the Bogey-Man." The King, by the way, gives so good a grip of fellowship to the heroes he decorates that one of their number lately spoke of him as putting his heart into his hand. That process, so perfect in its fittingness, is not repeated in long numbers without a certain paralysing effect on the fingers and knuckles. The King has now met that difficulty, under the double pressure of the hero's handshake and his doctor's orders, by wearing a glove.

N.B. North Berwick has had a season made memorable by the presence of even more than its usually allotted number of charming women. Lady Leconfield has been there with her attractive sister, Miss Dolly Rawson; Lady Drogheda, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Betty Butler, Mrs. Astor and Miss Alice Astor are others of a very brilliant company. The links at every turn yield memories of Mr. Balfour, whose golfing days are now much diminished. None of his friends can think of "Arthur" as an old man; but he has his own way of reminding them that he has lately passed man's allotted span. "I said in a speech sixty years ago!"—he really can confound people by so citing an address he made to the Whittingehame tenants, and he need not divulge that he made it at the ripe age of twelve. He was only eight when he succeeded to Whittingehame, and long before he came of age he took prizes in the local agricultural shows.

When, therefore, he talks to squires who have a new-born zeal for the cultivation of their land, he talks again of an experience of sixty years rather baffling to those unfamiliar with his early history.

"Exceedingly Cheated." Mulberries, like blackberries, show a famous crop this year, and they are to be picked even in the gardens of London houses built when no courtyard was thought to be quite complete without its tree. King James I. was sufficiently in the present fashion to wish to see England producing its own silk, and to that end he sent across to France for several shiploads of mulberry-trees to be planted near Buckingham Palace on a spot accordingly named Mulberry Garden. In 1629, Walter Lord Aston was made the custodian of these leaves and of their lovers, the silkworms; but the business experiment failed, and Mulberry Garden became a place of pleasure. It was

given over to the bloods. Discreet John Evelyn was taken there by "my Lady Gerrard," and he describes it as "now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." That perfectly complacent statement of over-charges may even serve as a general precedent for the similarly fleeced to-day.

Hospitalities. Luncheon parties at the Ritz or the Carlton continue to scandalise only very thoughtless people. They forget that the clubs have closed their once hospitable doors against guests, that half the great town houses are shut up, and that, even in the houses that still draw up their blinds, coal is being saved and cook has gone on a long holiday. Then a son or husband or brother, or that often very popular relative, a nephew, comes from the Front, and a little feast at one of the few possible restaurants still running makes the occasion for a family festival. Imagine, too, the delight of men fresh out of hospital at this more welcome hospitality. And yet one still hears, from time to time, jeremiads about this very natural and proper form of jollification.

Carl and the Carlton. It is generally admitted to be a merciful disposition of Providence that men forget pains and remember pleasures. But pleasures, too, have a way of slipping out of mind, as was proved the other day by a party of lunchers at the Carlton who began

to recall their pre-war experiences in the same capacity. Many luncheons were recalled only to elicit the confession that all the details as to fellow-guests and to the talk at the table had been forgotten. One of the company, however, had a still vivid memory of a luncheon served at the very table at which she now sat. The host and hostess had been Sir Willie and Lady Eden, and the guests included the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Ribblesdale, Mr. George Wyndham, Admiral Lord Beresford, and Lady Henry Bentinck. All these went on to the Carfax Gallery to see "the Baronet's" water-colours. But it was not this artistic treat or the Duchess of Marlborough's confession that she liked best of all the subjects the gardens—of Eden—that remained as the most vivid memory. It was the luncheon-table next their own, at which Mr. Liebricht entertained Herr von Kuhlmann, Commander Widenmann, and other members of the German Embassy; and it was the interchange of friendly greetings that supplied the contrast between the London of then and now.



A RECENT BRIDE: MRS. J. L. BOYD (MISS DOROTHY NOBLE).

Miss Dorothy Noble, who was recently married to Lieutenant James Laurence Boyd, D.S.C., R.N., is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ernest Noble, of Ormonde Gate, Chelsea.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



A PLAYER IN "A BARRIE BALLET": LADY HERMIONE LYTTON.

Lady Hermione Lytton is the elder of the two pretty daughters of the Countess of Lytton. She appeared with much charm recently in Lady Lytton's matinée for her Hospital for Wounded Soldiers, in Sir James Barrie's ballet, "The Origin of Harlequin," at Wyndham's Theatre.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



IN "A BARRIE BALLET": LADY CYNTHIA LYTTON AND MISS ROSALIE WILLOUGHBY.

Lady Cynthia Lytton is the younger daughter of the Countess of Lytton, and appeared recently as Columbine, with Miss Rosalie Willoughby as Harlequin, in Sir James Barrie's ballet, "The Origin of Harlequin," at Wyndham's Theatre in Lady Lytton's matinée in aid of her Hospital for Wounded Soldiers.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

FROM IRELAND: AN AMERICAN PEERESS AND HER CHILDREN.



AT LEIXLIP CASTLE, CO. KILDARE: LADY DECIES; WITH THE HONS. EILEEN, CATHERINE, AND ARTHUR DE LA POER HORSLEY-BERESFORD.

Lady Decies is one of our most popular American peeresses. She is a daughter of Mr. George Jay Gould, of New York, and is Vice-President of the American Red Cross Care Committee, which studies zealously the comfort of wounded American soldiers and sailors in hospitals in the

Dublin district, and she is in other directions an energetic war-worker. She was married to Lord Decies in 1911. They have three charming children—the Hon. Eileen Vivien de la Poer Horsley-Beresford, and the Hons. Arthur George Marcus Douglas, and Catherine de la Poer Horsley-Beresford.

Photographs by Poole, Waterford.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

ARE you and I going to have a General Election? Would it be so very topping?

Wouldn't Germany be upset to find us, at this time of all times, neglecting our war work to "Vote for Jones," because Jones is out to win the war (see banner), and Mrs. Jones is out to win the hearts (for the duration of the electioneering) of the mothers and the babies.

At sea our cause fares more than well, and Hun from Hope is wrecked asunder. On land our Boys are playing hell with Big and Little Willie's thunder. And in the skies our airmen win the day in every direction. So why not let us now begin a rowdy General Election?

The people, save a grouching few, display a spirit that is splendid. The breaches of the Houses two at least are patched, if scarcely mended. Unhidden hands, both fair and strong, have shaken with the striking section. So now's the time to push along a helpful General Election!

A gloom pervades the Kaiser's brow—to-day beneath our might he winces! His face, we're told, is ashen now, and weaker than the cursed Crown Prince's! The pair, in short, are losing heart, and in a state of sad dejection. So let us buck them up—and start a jolly General Election!

How now about the Hidden Hans of Harrogate? Reports of the scare promised us a tremendously thrilling spy drama; but it only proved material for a "farical absurdity."

The Hidden Hans of Harrogate was hiding everywhere, and when the people tracked him down to any special place, he simply waved his Hidden Hand and vanished into air, and what had been the man himself was now an empty space! Oh, gather up your bits of cord and hunt the Hidden Hun, and share with me the Town's reward, a Hidden Handsome one!



GIFTS FROM QUEEN MARY: PRESENTED TO THE GARRETT-ANDERSON HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

Queen Mary has always shown great interest in the well-known Hospital for Women in Euston Road, and our photograph shows some of her Majesty's recent gifts for the Tribute Sale to be held in November.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

But Hidden Hans is clever and most difficult to take, and should you run across him first you mustn't let him see, but walk away like someone who is only half-awake, then wave your Hidden handkerchief and leave the rest to me! Oh, gather up your bits of cord, and help me hunt the Hun, and share with me the Town's reward, a Hidden Handsome one!

If Hidden Handicapped by fat, is scarcely fit to run, we'll turn the Hidden Handle of the door at his hotel—an artful way to put our Hidden Hand upon the Hun—and take his Hidden Handbag and investigate it well! So gather up your bits of cord and help me hunt the Hun, and share with me the Town's reward, a Hidden Handsome one!



THE SPEAKER'S NIECE BEING DECORATED: MISS TOUPIE LOWTHER WINS THE CROIX DE GUERRE.

Miss Lowther, who is well known as a champion fencer and lawn-tennis player, took an ambulance section to the Western Front. She is here seen receiving the Croix de Guerre at the hands of a famous French General.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

And with a Hidden Handful thus of evidence to use, we'll issue Hidden Handbills over Harrogate like mad, and add another linklet to our cunning chain of clues—his Hidden Hand, extracted from the smoke-room blotting-pad! Oh, gather up your bits of cord and help me hunt the Hun, and share with me the Town's reward, a Hidden Handsome one!

Our dear old pal the Food Controller tells us that the maximum prices, which may be charged for milk are ninepence per quart from October 1 to Nov. 21, and tenpence per quart from Nov. 22 to April 30. This is nothing out of the milky way, with the price of water likely to spout up at any minute; but we greatly hate his beastly postscript, don't we?—"These prices are subject to variation by local food committees."

Sing this to yourself and act by it, so that, when your Local Food Committee meets to discuss the prices of milk, you will at least stand a cat's chance!

I am going to have a Butcher on my Local Food Committee, and a Baker and a Mercer (who's a silkman), and a Grocer and a Chemist—any tradesman in the City, with the rigorous exception of a Milkman!

Taking up the cudgels on behalf of British composers—of whom he himself is really one—Mr. Isidore de Lara writes, with reference to the Hun programmes at the Promenade Concerts, "Is this German propaganda to go on for ever? Is the British composer to continue being snubbed and humiliated?"

Alas! dear Isidore de L., you ask too many awkward questions! As one who lives in circles "swell," you can't have missed the mob's suggestions? Come, let me whisper in your ear a hushed reminder of the scandal: The reason of it all is clear—your enemy's the Hidden Handel!

A. B. M.

TEA-GIRLS AND BRIDESMAIDS: PRETTY LADIES OF THE LANE.



STRAIGHT FROM "SHANGHAI," LONDON: PLAYERS IN THE NEW SPECTACULAR OPERETTE.

Here we have some of the pretty ladies of the chorus which is such a help to "Shanghai," at Drury Lane. They are (from left to right, and beginning at the top) the Misses Varvara, Duane, Mandeville, Waring, Don, Benjamin, De Vere, Wentworth—and Friend.

Photographs by Bassano.

GREEN JADE — AND SERPENTINE : THE



A DANCER TO HER FINGER-TIPS: MISS IVY SHILLING AND

Dancing is not only an affair of the feet. The poetry of motion is expressed by the whole body in its poise and gestures, and particularly by the arms and hands. Miss Ivy Shilling, the *première danseuse* in "Shanghai," at Drury Lane, affords a remarkable example of this fact. She makes wonderful

THE POETRY OF MOTION IN THE HANDS.



AND HER SINUOUS HANDS IN "SHANGHAI," AT DRURY LANE.

play with her hands in the sinuous, serpentine manner, the oval jewels in her rings each forming, as it were, a serpent's eye. Our illustrations show her as the Spirit of the Green Jade God, in the ballet named after that divinity.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

THE LURE OF THE LAND: ZAH RAT-AL-KULUB ON HER FARM.



RUSTICATING AT HER FARM IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: MISS LILY BRAYTON (MRS. OSCAR ASCHE), THE HEROINE OF "CHU CHIN CHOW," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Farming in these days has a special attraction for our leading actresses. The secret of it is, no doubt, that country life affords the double advantage of providing a complete change from the noise and hustle of town, and at the same time enables the amateur farmer to help the national cause

by doing a bit of food-production. We have lately illustrated a good many examples of the rustivating habit among stage folk. Here, again, is a notable instance—that of Miss Lily Brayton (Mrs. Oscar Asche), who, with her husband, runs a delightful farm in Gloucestershire. There Abu

[Continued opposite.

FROM EASTERN PAGEANT TO ENGLISH PASTORAL: A NEW RÔLE.



THE LEADING LADY OF MR. OSCAR ASCHE'S GLOUCESTERSHIRE COMPANY: MISS LILY BRAYTON.

AND SOME DUMB "SUPERS."

Continued.]

Hasan, exchanging the Haymarket for the hayfield, and Oriental garb for a suit of tweed, is happy among his horses and his dogs, while Zahrat-Al-Kulub herself wields the pitchfork, and tends the poultry and cattle. No need is there at this time of day to record the long triumph

of their Eastern pageant play, "Chu Chin Chow," at His Majesty's, which is now in the fifth week of its third year, and as far back as last May passed its 800th performance, and must by now be beyond the 900 mark. The 1000th is due on October 29.



ANOTHER FEARFUL PHANTASY OF THE FUTURE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

A PHANTASY of the future—or, indeed, what *might* have been on that unique night when the Force was represented by the libellously called Weaker Sex.

I forget if on that night the moon shone; but if it had, it might have shown us (or any imaginative folk like you and me) somewhere in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly a little scene such as this: That self-same moon shines on the suave countenance and the redoubtable figure of a certain Sill Bikes standing, as small as his gigantic proportions will allow, in a recess between a jewellery shop and Louissette's window of "mould-me-tight" registered corsets.

He is as unlike Raffles as possible—a revolver bulges in his right pocket, a sand-bag peeps out of his left; a knuckle-duster ornates one hand, with the other he holds a bag; a large knife shines between his teeth; a red kerchief around his bull's neck sets off his complexion; a cap jauntily perched on his huge head covers one of his beautiful eyes. His coat is too tight for his mighty torso, his braces seem unreliable. His enormous feet are shod in rubber shoes. He is whistling with gusto the once more topical tune, "A Policeman's Holiday."

The two policettes on duty, BOBETTE and POLICIA, see him at the same time and rush to him with simultaneous enthusiasm.

BOBETTE. Oh, a man!

POLICIA. Save us!

(SILL BIKES drops bag and knuckle-duster, and the carving-knife falls from his teeth. The two girls take refuge on his vast bosom and cling to him energetically.)

SILL BIKES (taken—and held—by surprise). Now then, now then, what's up Missie?

BOBETTE. There, look—ugh!—a horrid thing! Kill it!

POLICIA (shrieking). Oh, it is coming this way—help!

BOBETTE (to SILL BIKES). Hold me—hold me! I am fainting!

SILL BIKES. With pleasure. But what is it, anyway? I can't see nothink!

BOBETTE (hiding her face in his neck). A big brute of a mouse! Oh, kill it, kill it—there's an angel!

SILL BIKES (carrying both girls in his arms, puts his enormous foot where the mouse was supposed to be). There you are, dearies—you can open your pretty eyes now!

BOBETTE. What were you doing here, I'd like to know? You seemed suspiciously interested in diamonds when we first noticed you.

SILL BIKES. Diamonds! Never! Why, I wouldn't buy diamonds in war-time. I am patriotic, I am. I was just having a look at

the pink lady squeezing herself (pointing to a wax figure in the shop window).

BOBETTE (severely). This is idle talk!

SILL BIKES. Try me!

POLICIA. None of your impertinence! Why aren't you at the Front?

SILL BIKES. Because I would not carry arms, not me! The idea of violence is an 'orrible thing to me (picking up his knife and knuckle-duster). I couldn't kill to save my neck! (Singing) "You made me kill it—I did not want to do it." It will remain on my conscience, it will, of a night when I shan't be working—sleeping, I mean.

POLICIA (very business-like, holding up her note-book). What is your profession?

SILL BIKES (airily). Oh, I am out of a job just at present. I am a gentleman of leisure, at your service!

BOBETTE (with a fascinating frown). I am not convinced.

POLICIA. What is in that bag?

SILL BIKES. The usual and necessary week-ending kit—pyjamas, a tooth-brush, and the wedding-ring.

BOBETTE (while he speaks, opening the bag, revealing a jemmy, hammers, files, and all the "perfect burglar's" implements). I believe you are a burglar!

SILL BIKES (ironically). Never!

POLICIA. You'll have to follow us to the police-station.

SILL BIKES (enthusiastically). I'd follow you anywhere, dearie!

BOBETTE (to POLICIA). Pass on your handcuffs, darling.

POLICIA (looking in her handbag). Oh, I am so sorry, darling—I left them at home.

BOBETTE. Oh! I have some, darling; but they are awfully stiff. I can't get them open—you try.

(They both try in vain. SILL BIKES is having the time of his life.)

BOBETTE (furious). Here, I say, you open them if you can, Silly, instead of grinning like a—

SILL BIKES. Like a judge. (He shakes his head.) No, anything to oblige you, ladies; but don't ask me to touch those things—it is a sort of superstition with me.

POLICIA. What shall we do?

BOBETTE. What does the "Manual" say in a case like this?

POLICIA (consulting her book). Wait a minute. One sits on his head, I think—oh, no, that's for a runaway horse. Here we are—"Rub his chest and blow in his mouth."

SILL BIKES (eagerly). Oh, do—please, do!

POLICIA (impatiently). Oh, no; that's if he was drowned!

BOBETTE (reproachfully to SILL BIKES). Oh, why aren't you drowned?

POLICIA (perusing pathetically). I don't see anything about handcuffing a dangerous character without proper handcuffs!

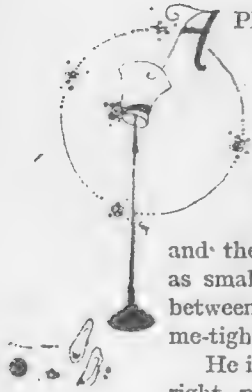
BOBETTE. Oh, well, you hold him a moment.

(POLICIA takes SILL BIKES by the sleeve gingerly. BOBETTE bends down, lifts up her skirt, and unties one garter.)

BOBETTE (to POLICIA). What's wrong with this?

SILL BIKES. Nothink. Take off the other!

POLICIA. Wait—we must make him quite safe! (She undoes the first buttons of her bodice and draws out from her chemise-top yards and yards of pink ribbon, which she ties around SILL BIKES' neck, and she then leads him gently like a lamb, while BOBETTE reads further instructions.)



"Like a lamb."



"The diamond shop."

FRILLY AND FRENCH: THE TRIMMINGS OF GABRIELLE.



Mlle. Lucienne Dervyle.

A NEW—AND FEATHERY—NOTE IN STAGE COSTUME: Mlle. LUCIENNE DERVYLE AS GABRIELLE
IN "TELLING THE TALE," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

Mlle. Lucienne Dervyle has succeeded in striking a new note—no easy matter, nowadays—in stage costume. Her feathery wrist-bands and skirt-fringe suggest a civilised version of a South Sea Islander's grass trimmings, with a little touch of Gaby in the colossal fan. Mlle.

Dervyle is a leading member of the vivacious company engaged in "Telling the Tale," at the Ambassadors'. With her compatriot, Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil, she sings a sprightly duet of the two French dolls "Rin-tin-tin and Ninette," which is one of the hits of the evening.

Camera-Portraits by Dorothy Wilding.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



OUR ancestors used to speak of Swift with admiration because, such were his powers as a thinker, he could write an essay even on a broomstick. But E. V. Lucas can do it, and do it easily, without requiring any foundation so solid as that. The airiest trifle is sufficient for him; he will spin you the most delightful dissertations out of nothing—or less—and keep you pleasantly entertained just with the quiet humour and elusive charm of his style.

That humour and that charm lure you through "Twixt Eagle and Dove," though here, in the main, his themes are tangible enough. There are essays on Leech and Hans Andersen; a series of war-time sketches; London street sketches that are as slight and vivid as Phil May's drawings; and miscellaneous papers on all manner of things, from the picking up of a sixpence to "An Earlier Day," which is a survey of what was happening in England on Jan. 27, 1859, when the Kaiser was born. Nothing is overlooked. The state of the weather, the price of Consols, the price of food, what our leading political and literary men were doing then are all duly set forth; and a reading of the dramatic performances that were taking place in London on that historic night should be a rebuke to the pessimists who tell us the theatre now is so much worse than it used to be.

In conclusion, you have the *Times*' announcement of the royal birth; and, "a day or so later, the *Spectator* added to the announcement of the birth these words: 'The Prussian people showed considerable interest in the happy event, and the Regent and his Consort appeared on the balcony of the palace and, amid vociferous cheering, thanked the populace for their sympathy.'" Mr. Lucas adds, with a wickedness he does not often betray, "'Sympathy' is good."

If you pass to "Joan and Peter," you are still, for a while, in much the same Victorian atmosphere. The period is a little later; William Morris and the aesthetes are abolishing anitmacassars and horse-hair furniture; and you get glimpses of the upbringing of Peter's parents, of how they were goaded into revolt against the narrow ideas of the time—and went, perhaps, to opposite extremes after Peter was born and they came to decide upon the manner of his education. They adopt Joan, an illegitimate niece, on the death of her dissolute father, and she shares Peter's unorthodox training till a boating accident removes the two heads of the family. Then a quartet of guardians take a hand in the education question—two aunts with advanced views and no religion; a third aunt, Lady Charlotte, of the old-fashioned, county-family brand; and her nephew, Oswald Sydenham, the most likable man in the book. He was a discarded lover of Peter's mother, and is devoted to Peter; is a great African explorer, with large views on education. "Give me the schools of the world," says he, "and I would make a millennium in half-a-century." He presently becomes sole guardian of the children, and his search after suitable schools for Peter

gives Mr. Wells ample opportunity to satirise the absurd inadequacies of our educational system, and he does it joyously and drastically.

But the book holds you with a double thread. Mr. Wells's satirical treatment of our schools and universities, by turns genial, by turns bitter enough, is always interesting and shrewdly suggestive; and the story of Peter and Joan develops into one of those

charming love-stories Mr. Wells used to write before he became so ferociously realistic. It is a long book and costs nine shillings, but is worth the money.

Some of the best tales in Pett Ridge's "Special Performances" hark back to those despised Victorian days, but he puts a glamour about them—distance seems to give them enchantment for him, as for his parson in the story of "Photographic Proofs." Pett Ridge is as true a realist as any, and the truer for having a broad streak of romance in him—for, after all, everybody has, or has had, a romantic side, and if you leave that out you can't present the whole character. He caricatures and exaggerates a little, but knows certain phases of life and

kinds of ordinary people with an almost uncanny intimacy, and can tell a good story about them with a humour and sentiment and pathos that really belong to the lives he presents.

Romance of another kind is Ridgwell Cullum's province, and for a stirring, full-blooded narrative of love and adventure in that Wild West where all the most exciting things seem to be always on tap you will find his "The Law of the Gun" very hard to beat.

Romance, too, is all alive in the glowing pages of "Tails Up"—the actual romance of the moment, for these are true tales of the Air Service, of the work and development of the R.A.F., and the glorious fights that our airmen have fought among the clouds.

Romance again—though stern realists tell us it is dead—is all over "The Love of an Unknown Soldier."

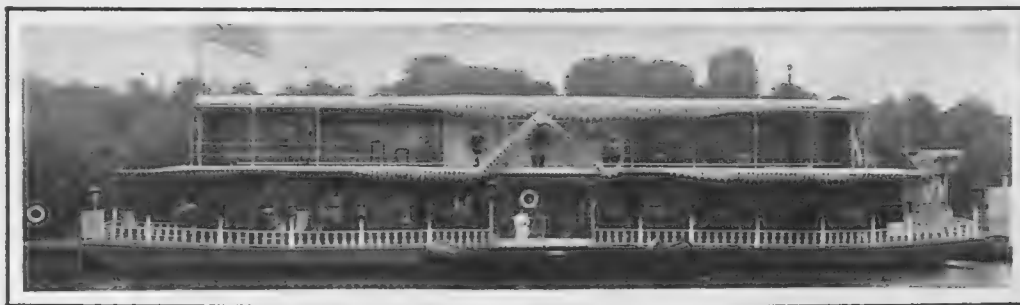
Mr. Lane tells us that the manuscript was brought to him by an artillery officer, who found it in a shattered and abandoned dug-out. It consists of a series of unaddressed and unsigned letters. You gather from the letters themselves that they were written by a British officer to an American girl he had met while on leave in Paris. They are a vivid record of his experiences in the fighting line; but

their chief theme is his passionate love of her, and his reasons for revealing it only, for the ease of his own heart, in these letters which he will never post to her.



AFTER AN ARMY HORSE SHOW JUST BEHIND THE FIGHTING-LINE IN FRANCE: GENERAL HORNE PRESENTING THE PRIZES.

Official Photograph.



WHERE FLAG-DAYS ORIGINATED: THE HOUSE-BOAT "GIPSY"—NOW OWNED BY "WINIFRED GRAHAM" AND HER HUSBAND.

The "Gipsy," which is stationed at Hampton Court, by Kano's Island, is the birthplace of the Flag-Day, for there originated the idea of collecting by means of the sale of flags, in the first instance for the benefit of the Molesey Regatta. The house-boat is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cory, the latter of whom is known to the world of letters, to say nothing of the great public, as "Winifred Graham." Many Overseas soldiers have been entertained there this summer.

Photograph by Haine, Teddington.

BOOKS TO READ.

- 'Twixt Eagle and Dove. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen.)
- Joan and Peter. By H. G. Wells. (Cassell.)
- Special Performances. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen.)
- The Law of the Gun. By Ridgwell Cullum. (Chapman and Hall.)
- Tails Up. By Edgar Middleton. (Simpkin.)
- The Love of an Unknown Soldier. (John Lane.)
- Verses of a V.A.D. By Vera M. Brittain. (Erskine Macdonald.)
- Patricia Brent—Spinster. (Herbert Jenkins.)

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'CLIMBERS' HOWEVER BEAUTIFUL
THEY MAY BE

'STOCKS'
SHOULD NOW
BE REMOVED
TO A WARM
SPOT

'BOXING' &
'COVERING UP'
CAN NOW BE
STARTED

TENDER 'SHOOTS'
MUST BE WELL PROTECTED
FROM SEVERE 'FROSTS'

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SUN	6	13	20	27
MON	7	14	21	28
TUES	1	8	15	22 29
WED	2	9	16	23 30
THUR	3	10	17	24 31
FRI	4	11	18	25
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Smirking with well-feigned glee;

Reeling off yards of "patter,"
Racy and on the spot—
Dishing up ancient chestnuts,
Spicy and piping hot.

Gags about Politicians,
Mothers-in-law and Twins,
Whisky, and "Wives who wander"—
Meet with delighted grins.

Capping the same old stories
Nightly, with wagging jaws,
Both of us hug the secret
Of our prolonged "encores."

Neither strange quips nor catchwords
Earn us our princely "screw";
Well do we know **Abdullas**
Aid us and pull us through,

Since each ecstatic Audience
Views us through rosy colours—
Charmed by the fragrant magic
Of their divine **Abdullas**.

R. H.

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS



HUMOURS OF THE AIR: SOME GOOD STORIES OF LANDINGS.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

A YARN told in these pages recently about the landing of a distinguished General Officer R.F.C. has reminded certain of my flying friends of some other stories of landings which may be amusing. Be it remembered that the chief aim and object of every aviator worthy of the name is to put his aeroplane on the ground as gently as possible, and to leave it *planté là*, as it were, without rolling. The worst possible kind of landing, short of a real smash, is one which begins with a big bump, followed by a leap into the air, followed by a series of bounds along the ground, each smaller than the last, till the machine finally comes to rest. The stock jest of the lookers-on is to tell the ham-fisted author of such a landing that really he didn't do badly, but that they thought his tenth or twelfth landing was the best of the lot.

The Kangaroo Style.

Naturally, a pilot will land a machine to which he is accustomed better than a strange machine, and thereby hangs a tale of another R.F.C. General, a very fine pilot, much beloved by those who serve under him, and, incidentally, noted in these days for his faultless landings. It was in the pre-war days, when the famous "B.E.2c" biplane was quite a novelty. The first of the type had been flown to the aerodrome at which he was stationed as a Captain. Next day the squadron was giving a party to the local inhabitants. All the youth, beauty, and quality of the neighbourhood was present, and the various pilots gave exhibitions of flying for the edification and education of the aborigines. Captain X, as we may call him, as one of the star turns of the squadron, took up the "2c." and did some very pretty work with it—vertical banks, and sharp turns, and steep dives, and all that sort of thing. Looping the loop was *verboten* to R.F.C. pilots in those days, and spinning and rolling had not been invented. Everybody, including the pilot, was mightily pleased. But when it came to landing, the fates were unkind. In his effort to land "dead slow," he slowed down a trifle too much. The "2c." dropped her nose, hit the ground fast with a terrific bump, and bounced off in a series of kangaroo leaps to the other end of the aerodrome.

Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Having finally come to rest, Captain X turned the machine round, taxied back

to the sheds (feeling very cheap), climbed out, and, looking as black as thunder, walked over to the group of chief guests. And then, to put the final touch to his misery, a dear, gushing old lady rushed up to him and exclaimed, "Oh, Captain X, thank you so much! We *did* so admire your flying! And your landing was quite too perfect! Just like a dear little bird—hop, hop, hop, hop!" And she never quite understood why all the other officers suddenly exploded with mirth, and why the unhappy Captain X smiled the sickly smile of one who greets his dentist.

A Tactful Apology.

It was the same Captain X who is credited with one of the most sincere apologies on record. He had taken a brother-officer of his own regiment up for what is now known as a joy-ride—the passenger's first flight. On the way down, in one of the perfect spirals for which Captain X was famous, something went wrong with the

controls, which jammed so that it was impossible to get the machine out of its spiral path or turn it in any other direction. After trying every possible movement and finding that nothing had any effect, Captain X turned to his friend, who was sitting close behind him, and said, "I'm awfully sorry, old man! It's rotten luck on your first flight, but I'm afraid you're going to be killed." It so happened that the machine spiralled solemnly down till it stuck itself firmly into the top of a good bushy elm-tree, whence the two climbed down unhurt, except for a few scratches from twigs. And the passenger told the story afterwards with great glee, as an example of the tactful behaviour proper to a very perfect gentleman.

So He Dived.

There is a perfectly true story of a seaplane landing which is also worth putting on record: Captain Y and Lieutenant Z, both of the Royal Marines, were flying an early seaplane when a control stuck up, the machine heeled over, and then side-slipped into the sea, where it reposed gracefully upside down, with its floats on the surface and the rest of itself underneath. Captain Y, who was the pilot, went under hanging on to his control-lever, extricated himself from his seat, banged his head against a wing, crawled from under it, and came to the surface rather blown. He swam to one of the floats, and then looked round for Mr. Z. Seeing nothing of him, he concluded that he must still be under the wreck, so he took a long breath and dived to rescue him.

A Box and Cox Business.

Meantime, Mr. Z, who had been shot out of his seat, had been mixed up with the body of the machine, and came up a second after Captain Y had dived. Seeing no signs of Y, he, likewise, concluded that his friend must be under the wreck, so he also drew a long breath and dived. While Z was diving, Y reached the limit of his lung-capacity and came up again. Z being still invisible, Y filled his lungs again and made another gallant effort at rescue, though with little hope of saving Z's life. Naturally, Z came up a few seconds afterwards, hung on to a float, and then dived a second time to rescue Y. This time neither could hold out so long as at the first attempt, and by good luck Z came up from his second dive before Y started for his third. Each hung on to a float, looked at the other, and solemnly congratulated

him on being alive and hearty after being so long under water. Then they explained to one another what had happened, and were very nearly drowned through falling off the floats because they laughed so much.



WITH A "BAG" OF 51 ENEMY MACHINES TO HIS CREDIT: MAJOR RAYMOND COLLISHAW, RECENTLY AWARDED A BAR TO THE D.S.O.

Major Collishaw also has the D.S.C. and the D.F.C. He recently attacked an enemy aerodrome, and dived five times to a low altitude, using bombs and machine-gun with deadly effect.

Photograph by Canadian War Records.



HONOURS FOR PILOTS IN THE MAKING: BRIGADIER-GENERAL CRITCHLEY DECORATING R.A.F. CADETS WITH THE M.M.

Official Photograph.

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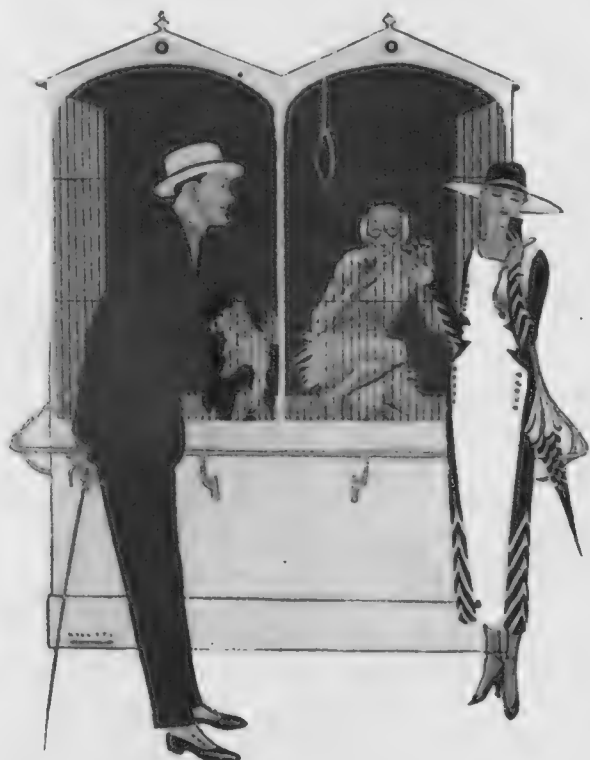
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D O R A

THE DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS.

A TRUE FABLE by H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"Calibanishment"

"This is as strange thing as e'er I looked on."

"He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape"

—THE TEMPEST.

NOW this is the true and terrible story of Dora.

On the outbreak of war Mrs. Grundy, that strange product of a Victorian semi-civilisation, unfortunately for this island of ours, determined to do her "bit."

For a little time she cast about to find a purely proper outlet for her activities—as you know, war has a curiously exciting effect on some feminine natures—and after sitting at the feet of a celibate Bishop or two, chose her *métier* and boldly attempted a solution of the man-power problem of the future.

Mrs. Grundy married the Censor, and in record time Dora, their only child, saw the light—which she speedily lost.

Dora developed rapidly; from the first she was a phenomenal infant; in fact, like a certain mythological person, of her it may be said that she sprang into the world fully equipped. At the age of one she was a nuisance, at the age of two a danger, at the age of three a tyrant, at the age of four a bore, and now, in the fifth year of her existence she has degenerated into a sour and sterile spinster, all but blind, semi-deaf and acrid-tongued. There is nothing strange in all this, for as you know, ill weeds grow apace and, in some climates and surroundings children develop at an abnormal rate, and are old and withered at an age when children born in healthier climes are yet on the threshold of youth.

And unfortunately Dora has inherited all the vices of her bigoted mother and her dull father.

Not only is she bigoted and dull, but she is sour and mulish, she is deaf and blind to the actualities and the needs of life; her intolerance and unreason have passed into a proverb, her egotism is a bad joke, and hers is the cattishness and temperamentality of a disappointed spinster.

There is but one thing to be thankful for: she is the only child Mrs. Grundy has permitted herself.

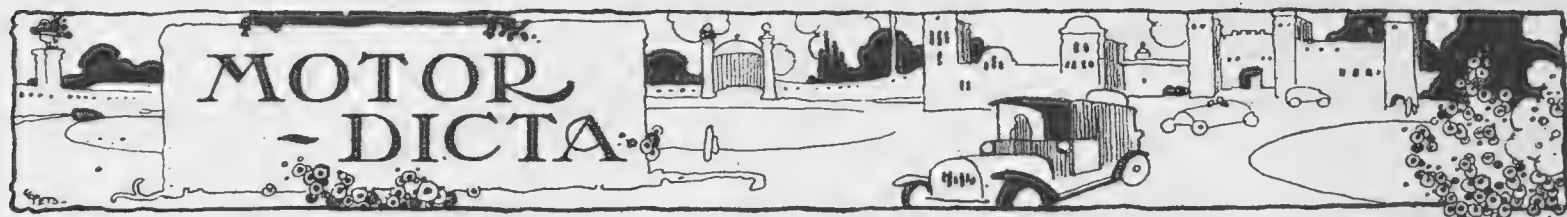
I am sure no modern mother will ever again name her child "Dora," and no poet, no novelist, no dramatist ever condemn his heroine to such a name.

Dora was the leading character in that popular play "Diplomacy."

Dora is the leading character in the modern parody on Diplomacy, although diplomacy is certainly not to be found in the character of Dora.

Taking one's mind from this horrible female and turning to a masculine subject, the House of Pope and Bradley continue to supply Service Kit to Officers, and Multi to civilians of military age who are important enough to be exempted.

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THE CIPPENHAM "SLOUGH OF DESPOND": THE TYRANNOUS TAXIARCH. BY GERALD BISS.

IT seems as though, with the approaching reassembly, for the last time of asking as it may prove, of our much-criticised Parliament, some trouble is stoking up for someone over the great Cippenham motor depôt, which has been so feelingly nicknamed "The Slough of Despond" in automobilism, and looks like developing into the proportions of a second "Loch Doon." Even the "Thunderer" has spoken with the full resonant voice of a Printing House Square leader, adding its reverberations to the chorus of protests from all sides. To me all along it has appeared one of those belated conceptions of some swollen-head trying to impose his own vast importance upon the unsuspecting nation of which we sometimes hear; and whatever there might have been to recommend such a colossal depôt in 1914, or even early in 1915, with things going as they are towards the end of 1918, the whole business is preposterous megalomania. Again, there are rumours that this wonderful find as a site on the ground of its natural features is panning out much on lines that do not appeal to the general public

The State as Trade Competitor. Moreover, it is not wanted at all. In the first place, why immobilise all this skilled engineering labour, apart from the building-material and men required for construction purposes, when much, if not most of the work, might more advantageously be done in France, to the greater saving in transport, having regard to the great bulk of the lorries to be dealt with? It is really beginning to look as though the dear old State under the cloak of "Dora" is determined to launch out permanently into trade in all sorts of lines and on a scale which would even paralyse the vivid imagination of Mr. Selfridge, in order, presumably, to provide jobs for life for its colossal staff of war-workers and eminent *embusqués*.

Unfair to the Motor Industry. But the worst aspect of the whole thing from both an economic and sporting point of view is its direct and deliberate unfairness to the "essential" motor industry in the hour of its disintegration upon the eve of its reconstruction. It is obviously only cricket, both with a view to the preservation of the goodwill and good names of the firms

is unreasonable, the whole Cippenham scheme is unnecessary, especially at this advanced state of martial proceedings.

The Sinn Fein of Taxidom.

Outside Government departments and the kindly shelter of the bureaucratic umbrella, it seems to me a toss-up between the Sinn Feiner and the taxicab for sheer license and official pandering. Their ethical plane is identical; and both are obviously and avowedly



CAPTURED FROM THE GERMANS: A POWERFUL COMBINED MOTOR-LORRY AND TRACTOR TAKEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

out for themselves solely and absolutely. I recently had a talk with one in authority upon the subject, and I see my good friend, the Editor of the "Car," putting forward in the *Evening News* a suggestion upon much the same lines as I projected. Therefore, naturally, without unholy egotism, I regard it as a sound and practical scheme. It also touches the point of communal petrol, about which recently I slung some blue-black ink with a dash of red upon the subject of the unjust hirer. Every taxi-arch's petrol is communal petrol granted to him not so much for his private benefit as for that of the public. Therefore, make his petrol dependent absolutely upon his personal integrity and good behaviour, and dock him of his allowance ruthlessly for the slightest infringement. Encourage the public to make complaints in order to bring him to book. There is still a proportion of stiff-necked folk not broken in the war or mentally crippled by Doracular neurasthenia who would act, if only they met with official sympathy, and if only our striking police-constables were less discouraging.

Taxidermatous Brigands.

A few examples would have a most wholesome effect even upon these taxidermatous brigands, and do wonders to clear the air. Some of the ramps worked on the ignorant and bulliable are almost incredible; but perhaps the most irritating thing of all is the way in which the autocrats of the steering-wheel, with bland callousness, pick and choose their fares. For instance, at certain times of the day, it is almost impossible, if you

be unwise enough to disclose your destination, to get a taxiarch to budge beyond a mile radius of Piccadilly Circus. My last two visits to town have almost been fraught with the disaster of a lost train for this reason, though I always allow myself lashings of time in these disjointed days; and the last ended in succumbing to blackmail and risking my life on a terribly greasy surface on a regular Allenby dash for the Great Eastern front. And my life is very precious—to me!



WITH A "SAUSAGE" BEING HAULED DOWN: CANADIAN ARTILLERY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Canadian War Records.]

concerned, and the provision of immediate work to tide over the unavoidable gap during the switching from abnormal to normal manufacture—a very important question to Labour—that Army vehicles should be demobilised, through their original makers, upon a financial basis equitable both to the nation and the firms involved, who would then be responsible, for their own credit's sake, for putting them into first-class order before re-sale to the public. In fact, regarded from any other point of view except that which

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 WITH WHITE or BLACK DIAL, LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

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Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

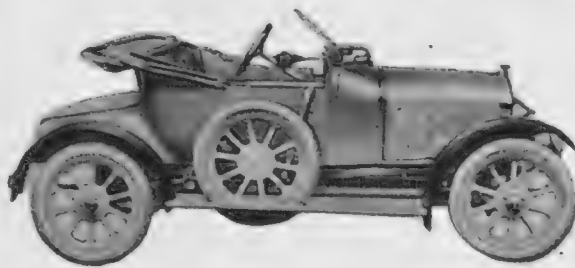
SEED-TIME

THE past and present periods of pre-occupation on work of National importance have necessitated facilities and standards of accuracy, skill and speed of production very far in advance of the best that were known in the peace days of yesterday.

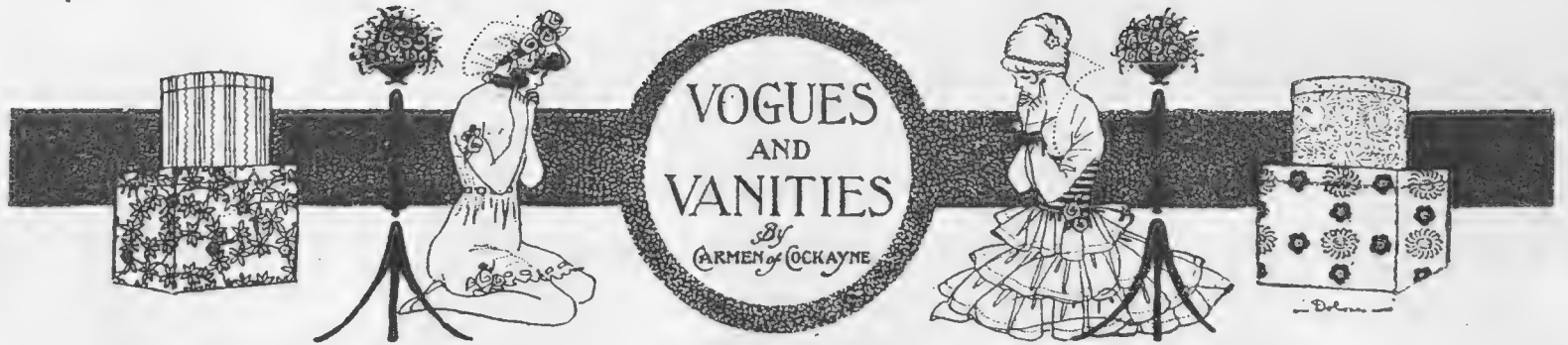
—and harvest.

The advantages which will accrue to the Swift owner in the peace days of to-morrow will naturally be many and valuable. Every reason for his former preference for the Swift will be strengthened and justified by a car even better than the old favourite—more perfectly finished in every detail, and more unmistakably "the best."

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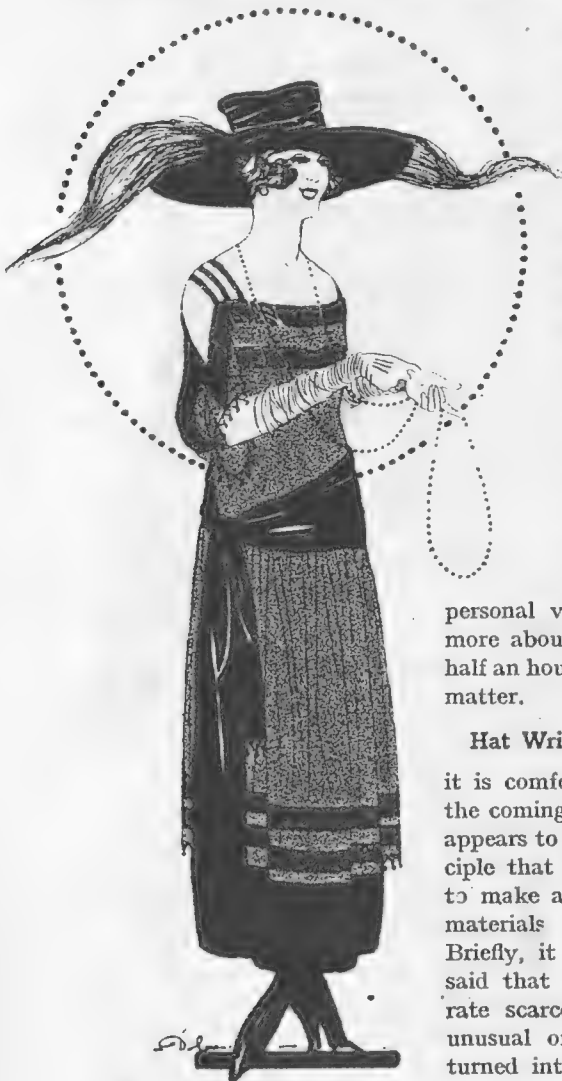


What Frenchwomen Think.

Paris long ago recognised that to kill an industry built up after years of hard work, just because there happened to be a war on, was a bad business. Even the clash of battle at the gates of Paris itself had no power to make the dress artists relax their efforts on behalf of women. Frenchwomen look on good dressing as part and parcel of the business of life, so that they have never been able to understand the attitude of the English critics who looked on a decent appearance in war-time as something very nearly approaching a crime. They have never been able, either, to grasp in what way a nation of dowdy women could be helpful in winning the war. Suggestions for a "standard" dress, in the sense in which the term was used in this country, moved them to tears of mirth. Paris has had its "standard" dress for a long time; but it's not the kind of thing in which Englishwomen were at one time asked to sink their individuality. The standard dress, as the Parisienne interprets the term, does not mean a gown that lacks every modish trait. It materialises as a smart frock that does not offend against the accepted idea that dress in war-time should avoid, as far as possible, everything calculated to strike a jarring note. Colours, at the moment, are more or less of the subdued order. What there is of ornament is of the restrained variety. Provided she keeps these things in mind, a Frenchwoman may dress in any style she pleases.

Slow, But Sure.

Gradually but surely Englishwomen have come round to the same view. One hears very little of the dress leagues and the impassioned appeals to refrain from fresh clothes that used to break the monotony of life in the days when the communiqués had "nothing fresh to report." Extravagance may still be the vice of the few; but pretty well everyone, except a negligible minority, is in favour of women looking as "nice" as circumstances allow.



A little more black satin and chiffon, this might have become a day dress. As it is, what's the matter with it for restaurant wear?

To Help the Helpless.

It's really not a difficult matter when people like the authorities at Woolland Brothers, in Knightsbridge, expressly set out to help those who feel that the best will in the world may lead its owner astray unless expert advice is forthcoming to guide natural good taste. The autumn dress show at the Knightsbridge house opened yesterday, and a personal visit will teach a woman more about the autumn fashions in half an hour than columns of printed matter.

Hat Wrinkles.

Hats are always a problem. Still, it is comforting to know that, for the coming season at least, fashion appears to have worked on the principle that it takes all sorts of them to make a mode, and all kinds of materials to make a *chic* model. Briefly, it can quite truthfully be said that no medium—or at any rate scarcely any medium—is too unusual or out of the way to be turned into a smart hat, and that no trimming, however unexpected its character, is reckoned out of place upon it. Don't run away with the notion that autumn millinery is

bizarre, or "weird." It's nothing of the kind. Here and there it is true, it's possible to meet a model that will cause the more conservative to rub their eyes in astonishment. But, then, there are exceptions to every rule. Taking them as a whole, the charm of the new hats is only equalled by their variety; and, since variety is the salt of fashion as well as of love and life, could any reasonable woman ask for more? The designers have taken care that there shall be something to suit every type of face. The selection of the hat best suited to her own individuality is something a woman has got to decide for herself.

The Value of Trimming.

A little trimming is a wondrous thing when you come to think of the difference the presence of a few coloured flowers worked on a hat-band makes to an otherwise plain velour hat of the popular and becoming sailor family. Blanket stitching in bright-coloured wool worked round the brim and twisted in strands round the crown of a demurely simple black velvet shape induces an air of frivolity that is hard to resist; and if anyone really wants to know just how much flippancy lies in one tiny ostrich-tip, let them try the effect of tucking a gay little specimen into the folds of a soft black velvet Tam crown surmounting a small turn-down brim, or, better still, go in person and inspect the model at Woolland's.



A paradise plume can go all the way in trimming a black velvet hat.

The Suit and Its Wearer.

Ever since some genius discovered the "possibilities" of the tailored mode, women of every type have adopted the coat-and-skirt habit. Not even the coat-frock has succeeded in winning them from their allegiance to what is now more or less a national institution, though the old idea that ornament had no place on a coat and skirt has given way to the notion that, provided it's treated with discretion, the trimmed suit has claims on the attention of every woman who wants to look smart. Anyhow, no one would suggest that the coat completing a suit of pale peach-coloured cloth, with a soft fleecy surface, would look better without the grey silk cones embroidered upon the fronts, or be more serviceable if the long, soft roll collar of silvery grey moiré were replaced by one of the material itself. And that is not the only novelty of which the discerning woman will make note. Most of us have made up our minds to the fact that, more or less, we are going to know from personal experience what it means to feel chilly this winter. The mode-makers, however, are ready to help those who want to help themselves. One of the most becoming as well as the most practical devices of doing it they have hit upon is illustrated in a suit of mole-coloured gabardine. The coat is finished with a moleskin collar, but a collar that takes a long view of its responsibilities—so long that the fronts are extended to form a cosy waistcoat.



Some hats have brims to match the crown. Others—and this is one of them—conscript ostrich-feather for brim duty.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Best Way is Harrod's Way.

We women have three-quarters of the disadvantages of winter taken off by the provision of such beautiful warm clothes as have been made for us at Harrods. As if their beauty and becomingness were not enough, that always enterprising firm inaugurates their purchase by a special week beginning on Monday next, the 7th inst., when quite substantial reductions will be made on these the very last words in knitted and woven coats, and in remarkable and exclusive fur-trimmed coats. Instances of this opportunity—one not to be neglected—are a beautiful silk-and-wool coat in the very latest and most stylish combinations of colour, which costs £5 19s. 6d., and will be sold during this special week at 99s. 6d.; all-wool coats in the richest and loveliest shades, instead of 49s. 6d., will be sold for 42s. 6d.; silk coats, with long slender sashes in all colours, which are ordinarily 89s. 6d., will be, specially for this week, 79s. 6d.; there is a lovely and most smart silk jumper, quite the newest thing, with a sash, a lace up the front, and bands of harmonising or differing colours, which is £5 19s. 6d., but for the great week will be 99s. 6d.; also there is the cosiest and the smartest of wool wraps, which is 25s. 6d., but in special week 21s. 6d. Now these are reductions worth having, because the coats are necessities, the newest of the new, and the best of their kind anywhere obtainable. An idea of their beauty will be gleaned by a study of our page of some of them in colour.

Luxury, Dignity, Durability, and Cosiness.

For fur-trimmed winter coats, the models at Harrods are educational. The fabrics of which they are made are beautiful exceedingly. One in golden-brown silk stockinet, lined with soft satin in a design of gold and russet chrysanthemums on a soft Gobelin-blue ground, is a revelation in soft richness; to this is added rich cosiness in a deep roll-collar, a panel, and cuffs of beaver fur. A novelty, as practical as it is pretty and smart, is a scarf coat, called the Valenciennes, which during the special sale will be 8½ guineas. It is of soft, light, angola-feeling wool which is very



A blue-serge costume with a fur collar for warmth, and a touch of red embroidery for smartness.

luxurious to the touch and extremely warm. It is well-cut, double-breasted with lapels, and having a wide scarf of similar softness, lined with an indeterminate check either large or small. This can be crossed cosily round the neck, and one or both ends brought down over the chest under a wide belt. With such a coat, no one need fear the rigours of the coming winter and the lack of usual heating in public conveyances and other places. There is a material called mohair, too, which is perfect for winter coats or costumes. It is soft, very silky, and looks like ribbed broad-tail. While warm, it is wonderfully light, and very handsome and up-to-date in appearance. Plush-seal coats at 15½ guineas will find ready purchasers at Harrods, for there they are quite the last word in luxurious warmth, good style, and lightness. A magnificent velour coat trimmed with beaver—illustrated in a coloured page elsewhere in this Issue—is as handsome and dignified as the heart of a queen could desire, while it has every mark of the very latest mode. To use a colloquialism, Harrods have a "scoop" in knitted, woven, and fur-trimmed coats, and it should be seen to be realised.

A Most Valuable Asset.

I have often thought that the most interesting study in life, apart from people, is chemistry. The enormous advantage gained by the Huns in trade and in the first years of war was largely because their Government subsidised clever young chemists and enabled them to do useful chemical research work. The subject is as full of fascination as possibility. Therefore I recommend as a present for boys and girls a book called "Chemistry for Beginners and School Use," by C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., Chairman of the Sanitas

(Continued overleaf)

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The children's fancies, no less than their actual needs, are anticipated with the usual skill and felicity in Gooch's Autumn Display. The following offer in Gooch's far-famed Sleeping Suits for Children is without equal elsewhere.

One-piece Sleeping Suits, as sketch, in Mauve, Pink, and Blue. For ages 1½ to 8 years. 8/11 each. 3 for 26/-. Also in spun silk from 14/6 first size, and in pure silk 24/- first size.

Pyjama Suits (two garments) in block stripes, Blue and White, Pink and White, Mauve and White. For ages 11 to 16 years, 15/9 a suit. 3 for 45/-. Also in spun silk 20/6 first size, and pure silk with frog trimming, 27/6 first size.

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To ensure a Perfect Complexion
use La-rola, the one reliable and never-failing preparation for protecting the skin from the changeable weather. It instantly allays all irritation, gives an exquisite sense of freshness, and safeguards the user against the attacks of frost and wind. The soothing effect of

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(The best substitute for Glycerine)

upon chafed, or otherwise irritated skins must be experienced before any true conception of its value can be obtained. A little rubbed into the face morning and evening serves as an excellent skin food, softening and strengthening the delicate tissues, and removing the dust and dirt to which the face is constantly exposed. La-rola is quite economical at 1/1½ per bottle, because it goes a long way. It is so good that all chemists and stores sell it.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM SPA, ENG.

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM" which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1.



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Fetish shoes have become the fetish of all women who are particular in their choice of footwear. The Wendover design in black glacé as above is also made in navy blue and nigger brown glacé, grey, fawn & nigger brown suede and patent leathers

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W.E. Fox & Co, Fetish Shoe Works,
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AUTUMN
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NEW
MODEL
"ECIRUAM"
GOWN
without fasten-
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Chiffon Velveteen
Brocade panels
back and front.
All colours.

PRICE 6½gs.

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maternity gowns are perfection."

ECIRUAM, Ltd. (Maurice),
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Specialists in Gowns with simplified
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Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
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Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
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Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.

Like a British soldier



—Waterman's Ideal stands for steadiness, reliability, and complete preparedness. It is ready to write—always. Wastes no time getting to work, but sets about the task instantly, and sees it through without slacking. So naturally it is a great favourite at the Front, and is a gift any soldier will appreciate.

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For Active Service No. 44 (Safety), 20/- and No. 54 (Self-filling), 20/- are recommended. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

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**Britain's
Women
Workers**

need to protect the complexion, otherwise the skin becomes coarse, red and rough, and the face unattractive.

The woman who uses Pomeroy Day Cream regularly, need have no fears regarding her complexion. Just a dab of Pomeroy Day Cream once or twice a day will keep your complexion clear, your skin soft and supple, and prevent those blemishes which so often follow exposure to all kinds of weather.

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In dainty half-crown vases at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

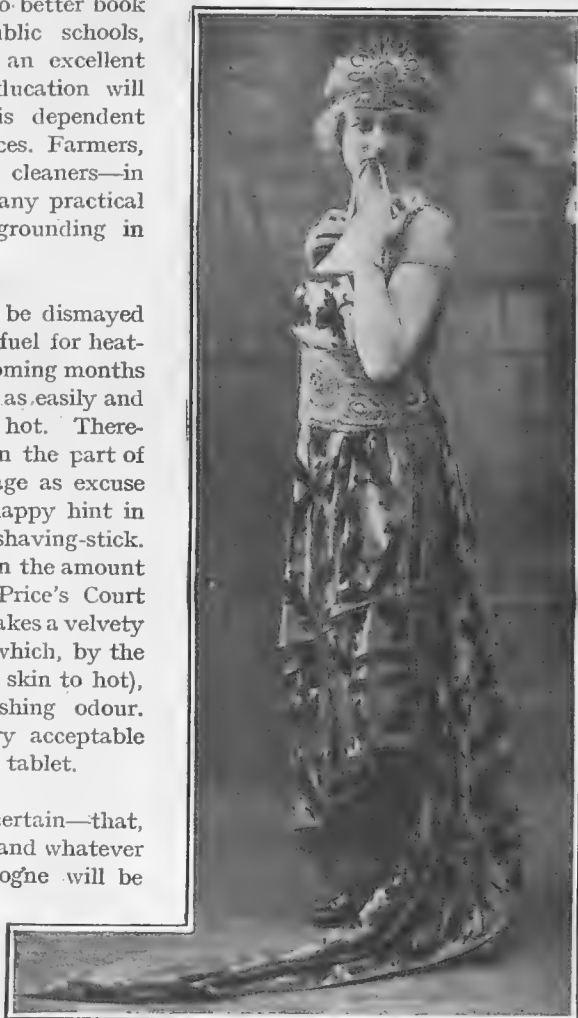
Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.,
29, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

(Continued.)

Company, Ltd. It is certain that no better book could be used in primary and public schools, and a most useful feature of it is an excellent glossary. In the days to come education will be directed to production, which is dependent upon the utilisation of natural resources. Farmers, engineers, mechanics, cooks, dyers, cleaners—in fact, all those engaged on almost any practical work in the world—will find a grounding in chemistry a most valuable asset.

A Happy Hint. Men need not be dismayed at shortage of fuel for heating their shaving-water during the coming months—Price's Regina shaving-stick acts as easily and efficiently with cold water as with hot. Therefore, if we observe any tendency on the part of our menkind to use our fuel shortage as excuse for not shaving, I recommend a happy hint in a gift of this useful and delightful shaving-stick. In the same way we can economise in the amount of hot water we require by using Price's Court Bouquet Complexion Soap, which makes a velvety lather in tepid or even cold water (which, by the way, is preferred by experts on the skin to hot), and has just a natural and refreshing odour. A box of six tablets makes a very acceptable gift, and it costs only fourpence a tablet.

The Latest Refinement. There is one thing certain—that, whatever may come and whatever may go, eau-de-Cologne will be ever with us. We look on it, in spite of the cathedral city's name, as more French than German. Dubarry et Cie., the connoisseur perfumers, 81, Brompton Road, S.W. 1, have a solidified eau-de-Cologne which is both convenient and delicious. It looks like a



If you want to be gorgeous and "chic" at the same time, what's the matter with this gown, where brocaded ruby satin vies with a girdle of rubies and diamonds?

rod of tinted ice, and is the most refreshing and cooling thing to rub on the forehead and hands. It looks very dainty and refined in a pretty nickel-topped tube, and so enclosed costs only half-a-crown. It is called Colonice, so that it gets away even from the mammoth Hun cathedral even in name. It is so easy to carry in a hand-bag or dressing-bag, and its effect, once experienced, will be always longed for. It is certainly one of the nicest of the many nice things for which this firm has become famous.

Warmer than Fire. There will be a run on such foods as are of a warming nature this winter, and the woman who understands the virtue of good soups and broths will stand high in the estimation of her household. Most of us have grateful recollection of the reviving qualities and the glow of heat induced by such means on our tired and chilled bodies. A well-supplied stock-pot, Bovril always at hand, and some of Lea and Perrins' inimitable sauces—a hot one for choice—and really delicious soup may be always on tap. The thing to avoid in soups and broths is insipidity. They may be sustaining and nourishing and warming; but, if they are not also palatable, they are nothing accounted of by the consumer. Lea and Perrins' sauces supply just the needed *cachet* to secure tastiness, and are invaluable also with fish. The cook who has not these sauces at hand will not achieve real success with her soups, broths, fish, and savouries.

Making the Best of Ourselves. "Tell the fat virgin to go on and make the best of herself," that was the direction given by a perplexed stage-manager when the virgins in "Vesta's Temple," anticipating the habits of to-day, went on strike. The fat

(Continued overleaf.)

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Make straight path for a little child upon which feet of the race itself marches forward.

SOROSIS

The World's Finest

AT the end of the day do you feel that it is a relief to your tired feet to take off your out-door shoes? That is because you don't wear Sorosis, which are perfectly comfortable when you first put them on, and remain so throughout the day, however much walking you have to do; and they are so smart and attractive that they add the finishing touch to your toilet. When you wear Sorosis your feet feel as though they could carry you for miles without wearying, and you also have the satisfaction of knowing that your footwear has that high-class appearance peculiar to Sorosis.

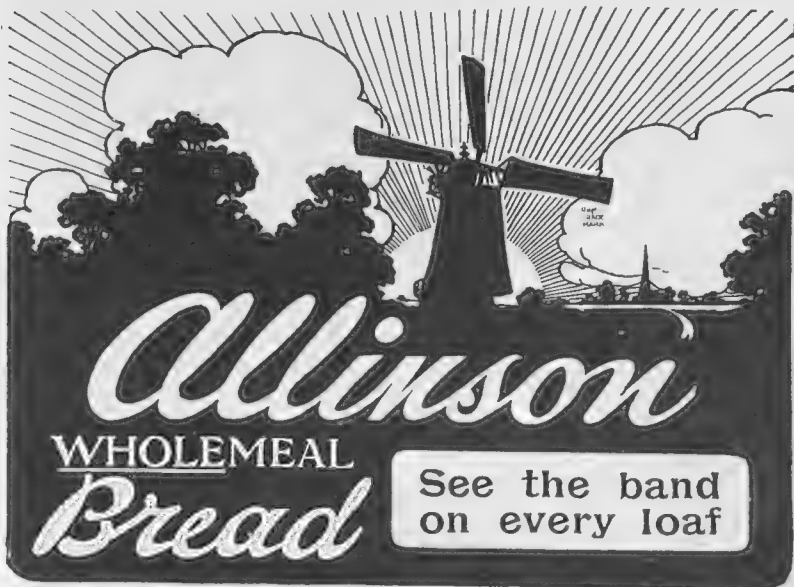
THE SOROSIS SHOE STORE,
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Lovely Eyelashes



Signor Lavreitzski, a well-known Italian scientific chemist, is the inventor of SHADOLI, a marvellous preparation which rapidly produces **Lovely Dark Eyelashes and Eyebrows** of perfect and natural growth—the kind so admired which are so rare. A few applications will strikingly transform the most homely face, making it sweet and attractive. Commence to-day, and see how much more attractive you will look in three weeks. SHADOLI is quite harmless, and is sold in sealed packages, price 4/6 post free, by the sole English Agents, Messrs. Chapman, Ltd., British and Foreign Toilet Depot (Dept. 121), 8, Mortimer Street, London, W. 1. Also from Boots' Branches, Harrods, Selfridges Whiteleys, and Heppell's, &c.

Beware of imitations of this genuine Italian Prescription.



Allinson
WHOLEMEAL
Bread

See the band
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The IDEAL
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SOFT & ELASTIC. Made in the Midland Factories.
"SOFLEX" combinations are most comfortable wear: they are very elastic, fit the figure perfectly, and give with every movement of the body. They are correctly shaped, are porous, and are

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
Retaining their softness after washing.

No.	CLX.	Stout Cotton.	Low Neck.	Size W's.	O's.
Short Sleeves, Closed Fronts	8/-	8/6
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Postage, 2d. per garment extra. 4 pairs carriage paid. Sample sent on Approval on receipt of Remittance, which will be willingly refunded if not approved. Illustrated Catalogue and Pattern of Fabric post free on application.

"SOFLEX" underwear is not supplied to shops, and can only be obtained direct from the makers.

THE MIDLAND HOSIERY AGENCY, 60, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Shade:
Cream
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Guard your family's war-time health
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Refreshing, pure Springwell British table-water—from a clear, cold spring deep beneath the Hertfordshire hills—has taken its place on the tables of hundreds of British homes, adding to the enjoyment and benefit of war-time lunches and dinners.

Begin the custom in your own home at once.

Write to-day to your nearest Wine Store
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plus 10/- deposit on crate and bottles.

Springwell
British Table-Water
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Those in peril on
the Sea need your
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in making provision for their dependents. The war has enormously increased the demands made upon the various Institutions which come under the management of the MERCANTILE MARINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION.

We naturally feel that every possible effort should be made to provide for these brave men or their dependents in case of necessity.

**Over 1,000 Officers
and Seamen are on
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for pensions or admission to our homes.

Won't you help to shorten
the list by giving the utmost
you can afford?

£20 a year is required to provide a pension for an incapacitated Mariner. £1,000 will endow a Cabin in the Home for Aged Mariners.

Any amount, however small, will help.

**Subscriptions should be sent
to the Secretary,
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(Incorporated by Special Act of
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THESE delightful and useful Gowns are made from rich quality Lyons Chiffon Velvet, and are marked at exceptionally moderate prices.

GRACEFUL TEAGOWN
in rich Lyons Chiffon Velvet,
with gold or silver lace inserted in stole and at foot,
new hanging sleeves in chiffon or ninon. In several good shades and black.

Price 8½ Gns.

Also in Panne Velvet,
10½ Gns.

GLOVES

Two-dome fastener best English
Cape Leather Gloves, for hard
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7/11 per pair.

**MARSHALL &
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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Macassar
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FOR THE HAIR

(is the Best Preparation you can use.)

Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6,
7/- and 10/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists
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QUALITY
J. W. BENSON'S
"Active Service" LTD.

WRISTLET WATCH.

Fully Luminous Figures and Hands.

Silver Hunter or Half-Hunter, £4.10

Gold Hunter or Half-Hunter, £11.11

Others, Silver, from £3.3

Fine quality Lever Movement, in strong Case, Crystal Glass, dust and damp proof.

Silver, £3 15 Gold, £10

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

and 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4

Continued.
 virgin did very well, and was not even treated as a blackleg. The making the best of herself was quite successful. We must all do that now, when leisure, amusement, and good living are on war strike. The surest way to this end is care for our skins, and the care that pays is that taken by means of Radior Face Creams. These are of the purest and most scientific, whether cream or powder. So good and pure are they that women may well and beneficially use them from nursery to middle age, and, using no other, will be living advertisements to their excellence. They are British, and can be obtained at chemists, stores, or from the Radior Company, 167, Oxford Street, W. 1.

Flappers Out, Bobbers In.

Has anyone ever seen so many hogged manes? I do not mean on cobs, but on women. The fashion adopted by busy workers, as well for hygienic reasons as for convenience, has been found to give to some of my sex a look of youth, and so it has, to use a colloquialism, "caught on." It is all very well just now; but, when hair has once been hogged, or bobbed, after twenty, it has a way of refusing to grow long again. When elaborate coiffures come in again, as they will, the owners of hogged hair will be at a disadvantage. One of them told me the other day that she would never wear her locks long again; it was so jolly to have them short, and they matched her skirts. That is all very well now that there are scores of hogged heads all round. When the excuse of war-work disappears, so will the hogged hair, or the "W.A.T." is much mistaken.

Shopping for Herself.

Princess Mary's appearance as the buyer of her own frocks has led to a good deal of speculation as to the lines along which her taste in clothes will develop. Most girls have dress-allowances of their own, and spend it as they please long before they arrive at the twenty-odd years owned by the King's daughter. Queen Victoria prided herself on never having looked in at a shop window. Her great-granddaughter cannot lay claim to the same detachment from the delights of shopping—she has been known to undertake a Christmas-present buying tour in person. The choice of her clothes has been chiefly made under her mother's personal direction at Buckingham Palace, so her recent excursion in search of frocks, just like any of her friends, had all the charm of novelty.



ENGAGED: MR. A. S. THOMPSON—MISS DORIS PENGREE.

Miss Doris Aileen Pengree, whose engagement to Mr. A. Stanley Thompson, youngest son of Mr. A. J. Thompson, J.P., of Merlewood, Cuddington, Cheshire, has just been announced, is the daughter of Colonel H. H. Pengree, late R.F.A., and Mrs. Pengree.

Photographs by Lafayette.

A Granddaughter for the Duchess.

Daughters comethick and fast to the distinguished, Lady St. Davids, Lady Maud Mackintosh, and Lady Airlie being amongst the latest to present their husbands with wee girls. It is usually assumed that a daughter, when there is no son, must be "a disappointment," though very few youthful mothers have ever agreed to this. Captain Angus Mackintosh, besides being a fine-looking young man, is heir to The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, head of Clan Chattan, and owner of many broad and wooded—but perhaps the war has changed that—acres in Scotland. His mother inherited a good deal of property in Wales; so Lady Maud (who is, of course, the Duke of Devonshire's eldest daughter, and, incidentally, a friend of Princess Mary) will be the mistress of quite covetable possessions some day.



SCOTTS THE HATTERS

THOS. B. TIPTON, Managing Director.

THE
"BOWLER"
in vogue again.

THE PREMIER HOUSE FOR MEN'S HATS AND CAPS AND FOR ALL SERVICE HEADGEAR.



"Burlington"

THE REVIVAL OF THE "BOWLER."

The soft Felt Hat has been so much worn during the war, and the market has been so flooded with cheap and nasty productions, that the man of discrimination is again turning to the "Bowler."

In order to meet this radical change we are now showing a large variety of shapes in Black, Brown and Grey hard Felt Hats and we cordially invite old and new customers to inspect them.



"Osborne"

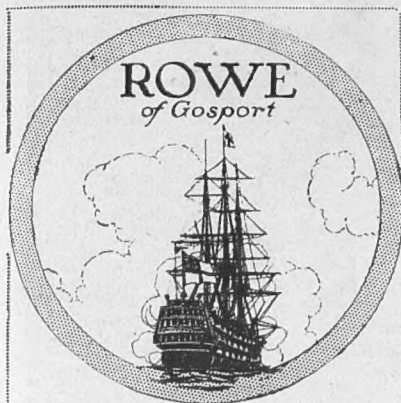
1, Old Bond Street, Corner of Piccadilly, W.

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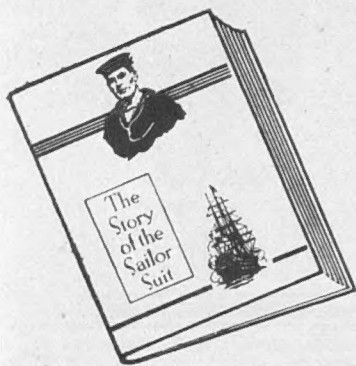
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a copy of

**"THE STORY OF
THE SAILOR SUIT"**

showing in pen and pictures
the Uniforms of British Tars
in every period of history—
Send a postcard for a free copy
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Rowe's Correct Sailor Suits for Boys

IN the Navy every button, every piece of ribbon or tape on the Sailor Suit must be exactly right. Boys who wear Sailor Suits—and there is nothing that a boy looks better in—want to have their suits up to Navy standard—cut in the Navy fashion—right in every detail. There is no difference between the uniform of Sailors on the "Iron Duke" and a Rowe Sailor Suit for Boys. Rowe Sailor Suits are made in a sailor town—Gosport—within sight of the old "Victory". They almost have the breeze of the salt air that Nelson breathed.

And they're made for boys' wear. Every mother knows what that means without our telling.

INCORPORATED WITH
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There is an ample supply of MILTON. Your Chemist, your Grocer, or Ironmonger can obtain it. If he says he cannot obtain it tell him our address and we will see that he is promptly supplied.

What MILTON is and what it does

Milton is new. You have nothing to-day with which to compare it. It is not a "cure-all," yet in one bottle of Milton you obtain an article which will perform more than 50 every-day services—services for which you to-day buy a dozen or more different preparations.

Milton does every one of these thoroughly, reliably, quickly.

To be able to perform so many widely varying services, Milton must, of course be a powerful fluid. It is powerful. But (and this is perhaps its most astonishing feature) it is absolutely harmless, perfectly safe. It can be used freely, or the bottle may be left standing about without the least anxiety. For Milton, although it is so powerful and effective, is non-poisonous; it will not burn or stain the hands or skin; it will not take fire or explode; it is clear and clean, and what little smell it has disappears almost immediately after use.

Among the many uses of Milton are—

- For preserving fish, meat, poultry from becoming tainted.
- For destroying bad smells.
- For removing stains without injury even to the most delicate fabrics.
- For use as a mouth wash, dentifrice, and nasal douche.
- For freshening the air after tobacco smoke.
- For preventing "cold in the head."
- For removing and preventing the smell of perspiration.
- For eliminating all vermin.

This sounds almost unbelievable, but a trial very quickly convinces. And isn't it worth trying? If in one bottle you can have a safe, harmless but powerful fluid which can be of service to you in so many different ways, can you afford to be without it? It costs only a shilling and threepence to become convinced. And a bottle lasts a long time—it is economical.

Get a bottle to-day. You will be astonished at the results.

MILTON is sold in 1/3 & 2/6 bottles by all dealers

The 2/6 Bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/3 Bottle

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CRITERION. "YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW."
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Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Mon., Weds., Thurs., & Sats., at 2.30. (Ger. 3844.)

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The GEORGE EDWARDES Musical Production.
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Basil Sydney. Athene Seyler. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats., 2.15.

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FAY COMPTON, Mary Forbes, Ronald Squire, Laurence Leyton, and
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Every Evening, at 8. Matinees every Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30.

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Every Evening, at 8.15. Matinees Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

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ELSIE JANIS, Stanley Lupino, and OWEN NARES.
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THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY'S FREE SMOKING
CONCERT on SUNDAY NIGHT at 7 p.m. for SOLDIERS, SAILORS, and their
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GEORGE ROBEY. VIOLET LORAINE.

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Evenings, at 7.45. Mats. Mons., Weds., and Sats., at 2.15.

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Always the best Variety Entertainment in London. THREE PERFORMANCES
DAILY, 2.30, 6.0, 8.20. Programme commencing Sept. 30th. Sir Thomas Beecham's Opera
Ballet & Chorus in Scene from "Faust," Wilkie Bard, Billy Merson, Maidie Scott, &c. Varieties.

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Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centres and Local Schools Examinations (open to general
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